8-7-2012

(Part of) A Day In The Life Of A Kindergarten Dropout.

Around nine o clock this morning, I was getting ready to clean the house, (okay, I was reading the paper, but that is my way of getting ready to clean the house) when the phone rang; I hurried to the phone and the caller ID showed Shapiro and Shapiro, so I knew that the call was from my grandfather's law office. I picked up the phone and said “hello.” My aunt said, “it's Sylvia, can you do me a favor?” I said, “What's that?” She replied, “there is a mouse down here, he's just sitting there, can you bring a mouse trap down and catch it?” I answered, “I am not sure if we have any mouse traps, but I can get some. I will be down shortly.”

I left a few minutes later, and on the way, I stopped at Fairfax Lumber to get some mouse traps. I chose traditional Victor snap traps and headed on to the office. When I arrived at the office, my aunt directed me to the kitchen area, and lo and behold, there was a small rat sitting there. I said, “that's a rat not a mouse.” I saw that there was a trail of ants, and wondered if the rat was dead. I prodded him with a coffee cup I found in the trash, and he was still alive. I realized that he just happened to be sitting next to an ant trail. I put him in an old cookie box and went into the office where my aunt and the paralegal (actually a distressed young lawyer working as a paralegal) were working, and the paralegal got up from her desk to thank me, like a damsel in distress thanking a hero for saving her from a monster. I said, “I don't know what to do with him, but I know he doesn't belong here,” then suddenly it came to me and I said, “he's a rat, not a mouse, maybe I can get him a job at the police station or the jail.” My aunt and the paralegal seemed to like the idea.

After I left the office, I went down to The University Of Kentfield to get some math books. Because I dropped out of kindergarten, and the only grade I ever completed was first grade, I never learned much math, and I thought that if I am going to be living in the 21st century, it would be a good idea to learn some math. When I got to the school, I found a parking place and walked onto campus. I decided to go first to the Student Center and see about getting a parking permit. As I was leaving the Student Center, I saw a man I know who runs the disabled student program on campus, and I said “hello Mister Schultz” Mr. Schultz said “hello, how are you?” I said “pretty well, I am so glad I earned a degree in architecture, because it turned out to be just the ticket to land a job as a delivery person” Mr. Schultz almost doubled over laughing. When he finished laughing, he said “you should get a degree in deliveries” and then he said “you should be glad you got a job.” After I bought my math books I left and went to the CVS drug store in the Red Hill Shopping Center to buy a new pen. You see, yesterday, when I was doing deliveries, I lost my favorite pen, a multicolored pen, and I wanted to get a new one. When I went in the store, there was David Hoffman at the checkout. I said “Dave, what are you doing here? I thought you were on vacation in Istanbul.” He replied, “that's where we're going, we're on our way” I said, “don't miss your plane.” The clerk said “Istanbul is a great city, I haven't been in Istanbul since 1961” I thought to myself, 1961, I was pretty young in 1961, in fact I was a minus. I found myself a multicolored pen like I like, paid for it and left.

Next, I went to the bank to deposit my check. As I was waiting in line at the bank, I noticed a dog with a woman in front of me. This seemed unusual, and I was turning it over in my mind, when suddenly it came to me; the dog must be there to get a loan to build a new dog house, and the lady must be there to cosign the loan. Eager to find out if my hypothesis was correct, I asked the lady, “Is your dog here to get a loan to build a new doghouse?” She denied it, saying that the dog lived in the house and slept on the couch. Disappointed at being wrong, I left the bank, and as I put my hand in my pocket to get my car keys, there was my long-lost favorite pen.